

## MOVING PICTURE SHOW IN COURT MAY WIN SUIT

Lawyer Throws Photographs on Wall Before Jury in Opposing Claims for Damages.

BOY SAID HE WAS LAME.

But the Pictures Represented Him as a Wrestler, a Runner and a Boxer.

If Mayor McClellan and Commissioner Bingham want any support in their attack on the moving picture business they can get a lot of it from the McGortys at No. 155 Eighth avenue, Brooklyn. The McGorty family would like to get their hands into the hair of the man who invented moving pictures. Small "Steve" McGorty used language that would have made the inventor very uncomfortable, could he have heard it.

George Kirschner, head of the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railway's law department, is the one who brought moving pictures to the discomfiture of the McGortys. Justice Aspinwall and a jury in the Supreme Court had hard work to suppress their smiles when the ingenuity of Mr. Kirschner's method of fighting a damage suit became evident to them.

Stephen McGorty brought suit some time ago against the Coney Island and Brooklyn Company for injuries received by being ejected from a car by a conductor four years ago when he was ten years old. The complaint set forth that as a result of his being ejected out into Franklin street at Brevort place, his left leg and hip were permanently injured and that paralysis followed. He said that he was not able to walk except with the aid of a surgical frame brace attached to his leg.

Moving Picture Defense.

When Stephen Baldwin, the boy's lawyer, had brought out the evidence tending to show that Stephen McGorty ought to have \$50,000 damages for the hurt the conductor had done, Lawyer Kuhn for the street railway company, addressed Justice Aspinwall.

"If your honor please," he said, "we have here some moving pictures which were taken a few weeks ago and which show the real extent of this boy's injuries."

"Can you set up your machine here and show us the pictures?" asked the Justice.

"Sure we can," said Mr. Kuhn after a consultation with the photographer. The window shades were pulled down so that the room would be made dark and the machine was set up so that the pictures would be thrown on the wall opposite the "jury box."

"Hurry up," said Justice Aspinwall. "Commissioner Bingham may come along and raid us."

The machine began to buzz and Mr. Kuhn lectured while George Dobson, operator, flashed out the scenes on the wall.

The first picture.

"First of all," said Mr. Kuhn, "we have a picture of young Stephen McGorty with the protective brace on his left leg just after he has been to his lawyers to make an affidavit in this case. He is mounting the steps of his former home at Luqueer and Court streets."

The picture showed Stephen climbing the steps with a visible limp. The brace was plainly visible on his left leg.

"Next," said Mr. Kuhn, "we have pictures taken three days later, when Mr. Kirschner visited the neighborhood and invited the boys, including Stephen, to participate in a series of athletic contests which might be exhibited in theatres all over the United States. There are a number of these.

"Number one—a hundred yard dash." The machine threw on the wall a picture of Luqueer and Court streets, with six boys, set on their toes for the start of a race. Stephen McGorty was prominent among the racers. They began to run and Stephen shot ahead and won by six feet. The populace was seen cheering the victor. There was another heat, also won by Stephen, and a third in which Stephen came in second.

In a Boxing Bout.

"Next," said Mr. Kuhn, while the McGorty squirmed on their chairs and muttered vain things, "we have a three-round boxing bout between Stephen McGorty and Willie Dunphy for the championship of Luqueer street. Both are members of this club."

The form of Stephen and that of Willie flashed up in front of a semi-circle of excited spectators, big and small. Stephen chased Willie out of the ring in the first two rounds, but Willie came strong at the finish, and Stephen, after standing several hard jolts in the jaw, went down. He was not counted out, however.

A wrestling match," announced the smiling Mr. Kuhn. Young Stephen McGorty was looking toward the door as though he wondered whether he could get to it before his wrathful riders. The picture showed Stephen in the embrace of another boy larger than himself and struggling wildly. Then McGorty delighted all of the spectators except himself and those directly connected with the case by tossing his opponent bodily in the air and landing him squarely on his back. McGorty won a second bout also and came up smiling.

"Now we have young Mr. McGorty in a jingling marathon," it was announced. Young Mr. McGorty slumped down still lower in his chair and uttered low whines.

In the picture McGorty danced most vigorously and with a lazzey smile until all but one other contestant were tuckered out.

Then the shades were raised and the witness who had attended to the taking of the pictures were sworn to tell how they were made.

A perfect cup of tea is obtained by using "Succumb" at all hours.

## ALDERMEN ACT PROMPTLY ON THE TAXI-METER LAW

Committee on Laws and Legislation Reports Favorably on Evening World's Ordinance.

ASK FOR OLIVER'S VIEWS

Chief of the License Bureau Requested to Make a Report on Measure.

Prompt action has followed the introduction of The Evening World's proposed city ordinance providing for an official inspection and regulation of taxicab meters.

The Aldermanic Committee on Laws and Legislation, which held a public hearing yesterday, to-day reported favorably The Evening World's ordinance, and it was at once forwarded to Chief F. V. S. Oliver, of the License Bureau.

In presenting the report of his committee, Chairman James W. Redmond said:

"The proposal to place taxicab meters under official inspection and regulation is an important one and requires much consideration at competent hands. If taxicab rates are to be passed upon by this board, the proposed ordinance will pave the way for a readjustment of charges. But what is most important now is that all taxicab meters be inspected and regulated under official supervision."

"It is the desire of the committee that there shall be a simple meter—one that bears no complicated figures on its face, and one which can easily be read."

The Need of Inspection.

"Thousands of taxicabs are coming into use, and it is high time, the committee believes, that their meters be inspected officially."

"It is the purpose of The Evening World resolution—introduced by Alderman Dowling—to prevent overcharges. At present the public is at the mercy of the taxicab meter. We have received evidence that taxicab meters vary greatly and that they invariably vary in the interests of the owner of cabs."

"The object of sending this resolution to the Chief of the License Bureau is to obtain a solution of the problem confronting us. We want an ordinance that will be effective—one that will prevent overcharges, and compel restitution when overcharges are made."

"In the matter of adjusting the taxicab meter connection to the front instead of the rear wheels, the advisability of establishing an independent bureau of inspection and supervision and other aspects of the situation must be fully considered. We shall request a report on these and other phases of the question from the Chief of the License Bureau before final action."

SUBWAY IS TIED UP DURING THE MORNING RUSH

Short Circuit Stops All Trains From the Bridge to the Grand Central.

During the height of the rush downtown and across from Brooklyn this morning there was a block of all subway trains south of Forty-second street, which began at 7:45 o'clock and continued until 8.

The block was caused by a short circuit somewhere below Forty-second street. Trains on both express and local tracks up and down town suddenly came to a stop. Some of them were in between stations, and those bound downtown were jammed to the platforms.

While the circuit below the bridge was working the block of trains above the bridge kept the Brooklyn trains back, and there was a tremendous jam at the Atlantic avenue and Borough Hall stations in Brooklyn. Many of the passengers left the subway stations and crossed over to Manhattan on the surface and elevated trains.

The biggest crushes in Manhattan were at Grand Central station. Fourteenth street and the Bridge. Although the ticket takers were aware no trains were running, they continued to admit passengers until the platform was packed. The crowds gathered outside and fought to get in.

When the trains did get a start they moved slowly for a time.

PURSE TAKEN FROM MUFF.

Miss Schneider Accuses Two Women, Who Make Denials.

Miss Anna Schneider, twenty years old, of No. 282 Union avenue, the Bronx, appeared in the Essex Market Police Court to-day as complainant against Mrs. Pearl Jaffe, of No. 14 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street, and Mrs. Annie Jacobson, of No. 10 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street, whom she charges with stealing \$2 from her muff while in a department store in Division street last Saturday.

The women denied the charge, but they were held for trial in General Sessions by Magistrate Barlow. He fixed bail at \$1,000 in each case.

## Fifty Years a Clown Is the Record of J. R. Adams, Who Will Celebrate Jubilee

Several of His Ancestors Married Circus Riders and He Chose Ballet Dancer for a Mate.

"CLOWNING IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE."

Venerable Entertainer Laments the Fact That It Is "All Business" With Men in the Ring To-Day.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Kings have their golden jubilees, and Queens and Popes. These are stiff, pompous affairs, to which there is much gold lace, and perhaps not very much emotion. But next month will mark a much more interesting and novel celebration—the golden jubilee of a clown. He is James R. Adams, now in his fifth season at the Hippodrome, who in February will complete his fiftieth year in the sawdust ring.

Some people in England, where this dean of the Hippodrome's clowns was born, still believe in the divine right of Kings. But more, perhaps, cling to the superstition of the divine right of clowns.

James Adams was born to the purple of clowning. His father and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were clowns. And true to the traditions of the circus, they were guilty of no misalliance with the outside world, but each and all married circus riders.

The dynasty goes back in unbroken line to 1735. Not one of our millionaire families can boast such a pedigree. But James Adams is the last of his line, and because of that, outside of his clowning, he is a rather sad and subdued little man.

Wife is an Invalid.

Fifteen years ago he married a ballet dancer, who first came to America with Adolphe Patti. But his wife is now a helpless invalid, whom, in his leisure hours, the veteran clown takes about in a wheeled chair.

You have seen him at the Hippodrome, of course. He plays the "old rube," and besides that does an acrobatic specialty on stilts. Up at the Hippodrome they think him a marvel of lightness and skill, superior to almost any performer half his age. Yet the man's leg was broken just below the thigh when he was nine years old, intentionally broken, he says, by a master acrobat to whom he was apprenticed.

"But I'll let the little gray-haired gentlemanly chap tell you his story himself, just as he told it to me yesterday afternoon—modestly, deprecatingly, and with a soft cookey accent that I can't hope to reproduce."

"In the old days, in England," he said, "we used to give gaudy spectacles in the circus. Fine carpets were laid over the sawdust, and everybody took part in the spectacle."

"There was only one ring, and there was a cylindrical curtain, like that at the Hippodrome, that shut down over it when the changes were being made."

"Our family had been in the clown business since 1735. My mother continued to be a circus rider long after her children were born."

"I made my first appearance with the circus when I was four years old at Gen. Bonin's spectacle of 'Cinderella.'"

"At five I was a full-fledged little clown, for my father did a clowning specialty on horseback, in which he pulled a lot of things out of a clothes-bag—the last thing being me, in a little baby clown's costume."

"At six I was apprenticed to a master, who took me with two other boys to the Continent."

"I have my apprentice papers framed on the wall at home. It was the custom to apprentice clowns to those days outside of the family."

"It was thought they learned more quickly away from home. The master was to have my services free for the first four years, and after that was to send three shillings, or seventy-five cents, a month home to my mother."

"But he never sent it, and we travelled from place to place so fast that mother soon lost track of me, and could get no word even through the British Consuls as to my whereabouts. The master had changed my name so as to prevent that."

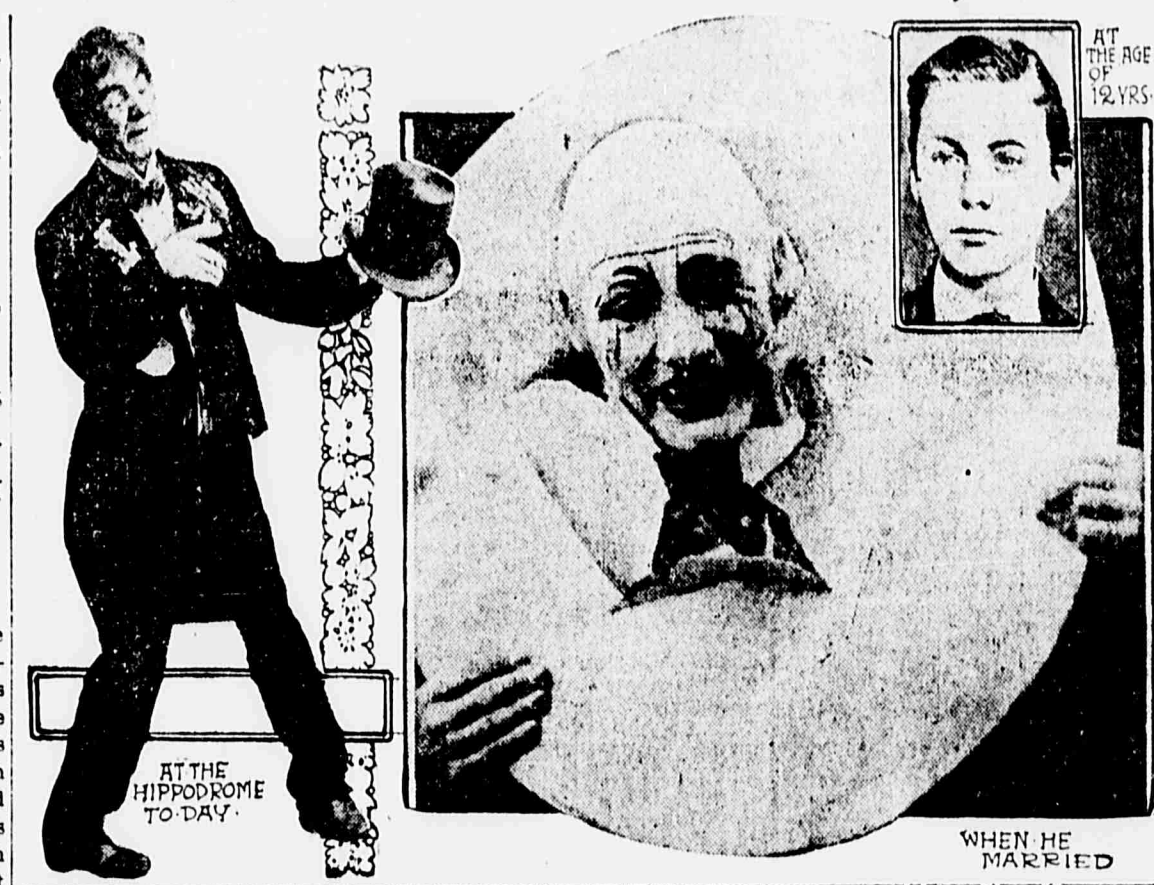
"We called him Master, and he was our master. I've carried a broken leg for forty years that proves it. Yes, and he broke it intentionally, too, but I'm coming to that later."

"He taught us boys the rudiments of clowning—the split, how to make a 'funny post'—that's bending forward with your knees stiff and your feet together till your face touches the floor—then we learned to do these things sideways, and then came the 'lock.' That's how he happened to break my leg."

The Terrors of the "Lock."

Now, the sensitive reader had better skip about the "lock," for it's going to make him feel as faint and sick as a Jack London story of starvation. He is warned. All the time the soft-voiced clown was telling it to me with absolute no suspicion of its harrowing cruelty. I couldn't see the small, gray-haired man before me, but only the little, forlorn, homeless, tortured child he had been forty-five years ago.

"The lock," he proceeded, "is made by getting down and locking each leg



AT THE HIPPODROME TO-DAY

over the other till the heels rest on the opposing thighs. The first day the master showed it to me I succeeded in doing it. You had to do what he told you, or you were whipped until you did. But the next day my muscles were sore, and my legs so swollen that when he ordered me to do the 'lock' I failed. He whipped me, and I still failed.

Then he lost his head and said he would make me. He grabbed me as I attempted the 'lock,' pressed his knee against my back and my leg snapped."

"This was at Milan, and I was eight months in the hospital. It was called an 'accident' in the papers, and many ladies came to see me and brought me candy and flowers. Those were a very happy eight months, I can tell you. And the master never asked me to do the 'lock' after that."

"Well, when I finished my apprenticeship, I clowned all over England and the Continent. I came to America in 1872, just when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. Since then I've been about everything in the circus business."

"I've made a lot of money as a clown, and lost almost as much taking out shows of my own. There's a saying that a good performer makes a bad manager. I've proved it many a time. I was eight years with Coles' circus, two years with Ringling Brothers, and then with Forepaugh."

"I've clowned from here to San Francisco, and from Cuba to Australia. But do you know," added the clown earnestly, "I had given up clowning and was in the regular theatrical business when I came to the Hippodrome?"

Not What It Used to Be.

"Clowning isn't what it used to be. It isn't handed down from father to son any more, and it isn't considered a life work. It's all business. Nowadays, a clown may be a clown one year, and a carpenter the next—all depending on what he makes the most money at. That's no way to do."

"A good clown makes anywhere from \$25 to \$100 a week, and a good season lasts from May to Christmas. But he never thought about the money when I was a boy."

"He was all the time trying to think up novelties, and if he saw another clown with a new trick that got a laugh, he was miserable until he got a better one."

"I lost my heart for clowning for a while when they quit the 'one-ring' circus. With the introduction of the three rings the whole spirit of the circus changed. It began with three clowns, the regular clown's costume was known everywhere. He wouldn't have been a clown with a new trick that got a laugh any more than a lady would go to church in a bathing suit."

"But today managers won't have it. They say it isn't up to date. Still, though the show business has changed, I'd rather my son would be a clown than anything else. I haven't a great fortune, as you see, and an invalid wife."

And therewith James Adams, clown, and last of his line, went home to have supper with his "great woman."

FIGHTS AS HEAD IS FORCED UNDER GUILLOTINE BLADE

Prisoner Dragged to Execution While Crowd Clamors to See Him Die.

CARPENTRAS, France, Jan. 25.—The second execution in France under the revival of the law of capital punishment took place here to-day, and although the scenes accompanying it were not so violent as those attending the quadruple execution at Bethune Jan. 11, nevertheless they were of such a character as will probably hasten parliamentary action toward making future executions private.

The guillotine was erected on a public square alongside the prison. The locality was cordoned with soldiers, who actually blocked all the streets, but an impatient crowd of people who had assembled during the night demanded that they be given a chance to witness the beheading.

Some of the people climbed up on ladders from which they kept the others informed of the details of the proceedings, while the windows of the houses overlooking the square were jammed with spectators. The condemned man named Remy Danvers, who had shot an aged farmer and his wife, was actually blocked all the streets, but an impatient crowd of people who had assembled during the night demanded that they be given a chance to witness the beheading.

## TWO HEROES SAVE CHILDREN AT FIRE AND RUN AWAY

No One Knows Men Who Brought Four Young Ones From Burning House.

Two modest heroes rescued four small children from blazing apartments on the second and third floors of a three-story tenement at No. 235 East Eighty-fourth street, this morning, and then disappeared before any one could learn who they were.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. Bertha Isaacs, who occupies the second floor of the building, saw smoke coming into the dining room from the front of the house. She screamed with fright, for a few minutes before she had left her two children, Jacob, two years old, and Annie, four, in the parlor to play. Mrs. Isaacs tried to get to the front rooms, but the smoke was so thick that it stifled her. She ran downstairs and out into the street, screaming "Fire."

Two young men who were passing dashed upstairs, and making their way through the smoke and flames got hold of the Isaacs children and soon had them in their mother's arms. The youths then learned from a neighbor that Mrs. Alice Hess, who occupied the top floor, also had two young children, and as neither the mother nor the youngsters had been seen or heard from the men went back to the burning house and in a short time reappeared with the Hess youngsters, who are about the same age as Mrs. Isaacs' children. Once they were safe, the men disappeared.

Before the blaze was finally put out it had completely destroyed both the Isaacs and Hess apartments, entailing a loss of probably \$200.

SOCIETIES TO GIVE OPERA.

The annual entertainment and reception given by the United Societies concert given by the Church of the Immaculate Conception will take place at Grand Central Palace on Monday evening, Feb. 15. The comic opera, "The King of Siam," will be given.

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It has been good for sixty years and is good now. Made in New York, in the best flour mill in the world. Why try new and unknown varieties when you can get the

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## LOWER M'ADOO TUNNEL TUBES NEARLY FINISHED

Connection Will Probably Be Made Within Next Twenty-four Hours.

The second pair of tubes of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company under the North River were within fourteen feet of a connection to-day, and Vice-President Wilbur C. Flak announces the completion of the Cortlandt street terminal within twenty-four hours. Trains for Newark, Jersey City and Hoboken will be in operation by July 1 out of the Hudson Terminal Building at the lower western ledge of Manhattan Island.

The headings of the lower tubes will come together under the river at a point 30 feet off the Manhattan shore at Cortlandt street. The event will be celebrated by the company in the distribution of prizes among the workers, followed by a trip through the tunnel by President W. G. M'Adoo and his staff, after which there will be a luncheon and some speeches.

"The Cortlandt street terminal set of tubes has a length of about 5,000 feet," said Vice-President Flak when seen to-day at the Hudson Terminal Building, No. 20 Church street. "Yesterday the shields from the New Jersey shore were within thirty-four feet of those working from the Manhattan side of the river. The New Jersey workers have come the greater distance—some 1,500 feet—as the Manhattan shields are now a little less than 100 feet from our terminal building. I expect we shall be able to get off the final blast to-morrow some time between 9 and 12 o'clock."

"Our trains when the new tubes are equipped with tracks will run first to Jersey City, one branch continuing out to Newark and the other proceeding to Hoboken, where connection will be made with our Sixth avenue, or upper pair of tubes, under the river. The trains will make this round trip before their return. As the lower tubes are still under compressed air, to-morrow a party will be limited to those who can stand such a trip."

DEMOCRATIC SENATORS TO VOTE AGAINST COOK.

Caucus Order Given to Fight His Confirmation as Highway Commissioner.

ALBANY, Jan. 25.—At a caucus of the Democratic members of the Senate to-day it was voted to direct the minority members of the Finance Committee to vote against a favorable nomination of Herbert E. Cook as the Democratic member of the new State Highway Commission. Mr. Cook's qualifications as a Democrat have been questioned by the minority. The opposition will probably be carried to the floor of the Senate.

Cook is opposed on the ground that he is not a consistent Democrat.

SENT DEATH SHOT OVER TELEPHONE TO SISTER'S EAR

Wambold Called Woman Up to Hear Him Die in Store Booth.

SQUANDERED LEGACY.

Deserted Wife and Children to Spend Thousands on Protracted Spree.

Peter Wambold's family to-day explained that he shot and killed himself last night after a six weeks' spree, during which he squandered a bequest of several thousand dollars left by his mother, who died recently in Germany. The suicide was forty-six years old and retired from the restaurant business a year ago with a snug fortune.

Wambold's wife and their two sons, Frank, seventeen years old, and Peter, five, were unable, until his tragic death, to find any trace of the missing man after he got the money left by his mother. They have been staying with Mrs. Emma Wendell, a sister of Wambold, at No. 35 Central avenue, Brooklyn.

The telephone rang at the Wendell home last night and Wambold's husky voice was heard at the other end of the wire by Mrs. Wendell.

"How are you, sister?" asked Wambold. "Is my wife there?"

"No, where have you been?" Mrs. Wendell queried.

"Never mind about that," replied the man. "I have decided to kill myself. Don't ask why. There's lots of reason for it, but I can't collect my mind. Listen now, and you'll hear the shot."

Heard Shot Over 'Phone.

The next instant a pistol shot sounded clearly over the wire and Mrs. Wendell collapsed.

Wambold shot himself in a telephone booth at the drug store of Otto Stuft, No. 533 Bushwick avenue. The druggist rushed to the booth and found Wambold dead in the chair with his head hanging upon his chest. Wambold had shot himself through the right temple. It took the police reserves to keep the women and children out of the drug shop, so keen was the morbid curiosity.

The suicide left three letters on the telephone stand. One was addressed to his sister, another to his son Frank and a third to a life insurance company. They were taken by the Coroner.

Drink and too much spending money were the reasons ascribed by the widow for the suicide.

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## LYNCH DIES OF HURTS RECEIVED ON THE REPUBLIC

Brought Here on the Florida, He Succumbs In a Hospital.

Eugene Lynch, of Boston, who was crushed in his berth when the Italian liner Florida cut into the side of the steamship Republic on Saturday, died this morning at 4 o'clock in the Long Island College Hospital.

Mr. Lynch was not moved from the Florida when the others of the Republic's passengers were re-transferred to the Baltic. The pain he had suffered in being moved from the Republic to the Florida had been so intense that he said he would rather sink with the Florida, if she were going down, than go through the torture again. Mr. Lynch had little hope of living; he knew too, that his wife had been killed, and he said that he had little ambition to live.

Friends Came to Meet Him.

The Rev. James Lee, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Revere, Massachusetts, James McGinnis, William Tuttle and James H. Casey, of Boston, came to this city to meet the Florida and do what they could for Mr. Lynch. They found him conscious, but with only a spark of life left. His leg and thigh had been terribly crushed and many of the bones of his body were broken. Peritonitis also had set in.

He asked Father Lee to see to it that every member of the Florida's crew received a gift sufficient with which to buy some little token of his appreciation of the tenderness and care with which he had been treated on the Italian ship.